THE PRESIDENTIAL BATTLE. SHURMAN BANDANNAS THE SYMBOL OF THE FIGHT IN ORIO.

Some of the Girls Complain that the Old Re-man is Homely and Cleveland More So-Foraker's Crowd Going to Chicago Osten-sibly for Sherman, but Really to Howl for Foraker for First or Second Piace.

COLUMBUS, June 10 .- Judge Thurman's quiet home was again thronged with visitors o-day. There is evidence that the red bandanna and a Democrat will now be as inseparable as the red-headed girl and the white horse. All the Judge's friends declare that the snuffbox and the bandanna will be the unique symbols of the campaign and will doubtless onse a great deal of enthusiasm, and put a spirit into the canvass that has not been experienced for many a year. It is curious to nete the remarks of some of the fair visitors to the Thurman home. They say that the Judge is positively homely, and that Cleveland is even more so. An exceedingly frank little miss remarked to-day that the Judge looked stern enough to have his middle name changed from Granberry to Cranbery. The pictures of the Democratic candidates are everywhere. The faces of some of the leading lights at the St. Louis Convention are also strewn about. The fair ones who say that Cleveland and Thurman are homely have selectly the auburn-haired beauty, Senator Raines, as their candidate. In exceedingly ingenuous tones they ask why the New York Senator was not selected as one of the candidates to offset the omeliness of Cleveland and Thurman. These fair critics only know the Judge through his photographs, or have seen him only on state ecasions, when the Old Roman's dignity is positively sublime. When chatting in his library he is very different. A happy smile, kindly eyes, frank ways, and hearty laughter are then the Judge's chief peculiarities, com-bined, of course, with his brilliant conversation. His silvery chin beard and snewy locks contrast with his rich suit of black broadcloth. dark blue homespun socks, and highly polished low shoes. His linen is of immaculate whiteness, and almost glistens beside the black silk stock and black silk watch chain that is the sole indication of jowelry about him. He is a shiping example of a cultivated gentleman. with many of the little courteous ways that oneo were so pronounced in old-time states-men, but which, in the rush and crush of the present generation, are sometimes slighted, if not altogether overlooked. He has been visited by a throng of reminiscence hunters since his nomination. of reminiscence hunters since his nomination. He refers them to his old friends and neighbors. To a Sox man to-day he said he thought that he would have got along fairly well in newspaper life if late and irregular hours were the only requisites for that vocation. He referred to his habit of reading and studying half the night and having breakfast when other felks were cating luncheon. He looks and acts like a horn debater and a parliamentary fighter. His voice is strong and musically deep, and between puffs of his eigar he said that of all the speeches he had made in the Sonate and out of it, and of all the records pertaining to his rubble. His, not one was handy. He doubted even if any were in existence. He said that he had never kept a scrap book, because his mother, when he was a lad of 10 and wanted one, had told him that a serap book was one of the greatest agents to kill the memory. His mether, he added, was more responsible for his education than any college or institution of learning. He, however, bought a serap book when he entered the Senate. He took it from a shelf containing hundreds of books, and showed it to the reporter. It was no barren as the day he bought it. He speke of the days when he, lloscoe Conkling, William W. Eaton of Connecticut, and Don Camaron had pleasant late dinners together in Washington. All could "cut to the red," he said, referring to the rehorical shashings in the Benate, but after the day's session they were cordial and hospitable. Rescee Conkling, he thinks, was one of the greatest actors of his time.

The Old Reman has been beget by political He refers them to his old friends and neigh-

time.

The Old Roman has been beset by political tramps since histnomination. He spoke of the regiments who have visited his kitchen door, begging the red-headed mand to convey their compliances to the Judge, and at the same time mention that a low dollars wisely distributed through them would reap untied results. He packed them all off empty handed. He says he never believed in mency campaigns. He is spoken of by his neighbors as generous and liberal, but it is mighty evident, from the Judge's manner, that no political strikers are to be telerated.

The Judge's was a great walker in his early.

Judge's manner, that no political strikers are to be tolerated.

The Judge was a great walker in his early days, when as an Ohio lawyer he attended circuit, and even down to the last attack of rheumatism he was fond of the exercise. He does not keen a carriage, although he is worth in the neighborhood of \$400,000, and the fortune of his wife, who was a charming blue grass belie named Mary Dun, brings the family fortune up close to a million. Years ago the Thurman earriage and the old coachman, "Mike," was a familiar ligure in the streets of Columbus, but with the death of Mike and the more retired life of the Thurmans the carriage was given up. The Judge and Mrs. Thurman now come into town on the horse cars. The conductors speak of the great regard shown by the couple for each other. It is "Allen, dear, we must get off here." And the Old Roman steps to the greand and holds out his hand to help "Mary, dear," to alight with the same gallanty that must have marked the days when he went a-courting. The touching fondness of the couple for each other and their children is everywhere remarked. Allen W., the Judge's oldest son, is his right-hand man in managing the family fortune, which is largely in real estate.

Judge's oldest son, is his right-hand man in managing the family fortune, which is largely in real estate.

Some of the Democrats of the county think the Judge was perhaps too determined in his prosecution of the Democrats who were charged with committing the tally sheet frauds. The Judge differs with them on the ground that a Democrat should have such exalted ideas of his party as to be above the suspicion of wrongdeing, and when any derelict ones are caught they should be punished with swifter and greater severity because of the shock they have given to the Domocratic party.

The Judge is a great mathematician. He is a surveyor of renown throughout the State. He justly jokes at the comments of his Republican adversaries of his age. He refers to Bismarck at 77 and Gladstone at 79, and, as he pounds his stout cane, he quizzically asks: "Why don't they call them decrepit old fellows?"

Why don't they call them decrepit old fellows?"
It is amusing to many Columbians to remark the wide berth that Gov. Foraker gives the Old Roman. The declaration is freely made that if the two should meet on the stump in this campaign, and it is not unlikely that they will, House-a-fire Foraker will have convincing evidence that he is pigmy beside the logical and determined old warrfor. The Judge thinks Mr. Elaine one of the brainy men of the century, but he cannot understand the widespread popularity of the Plumed Knight. He spoke in high terms of the blaine statesman, but up to date has not been able to fathem the furore with which Mr. Blaine's name is greeted in many States.

The Judge's old law office is one of the intermany States.

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with which are Blaine's name is greeted in many States.

The Judice's oldlaw office is one of the interscising stots in the town. A weather-caten metal sign reading "A. G. Thurman" marks the entrance. It is a one-story cottage, 20 by 39, and was built for the Judge in 1851. Up to three years ago he lived in aframe house adjoining, but business buildings have crowded him into a modest stone house a mile out. The Judge speaks with regret of the charge. The old home and the old office are treasures to him. His office is now on one of the floors of his old house, and his old office is temporarily occupied by an old friend. It is shelved all around with law books, and old-lashioned powder horns are hung in the niches.

Eithe Judge says that the President couldn't interest him in talking about dishing taskie, but if he wants to talk about deer staking and game hunting generally. Allen G. Thurman is the man to come to. The Judge told of his early successes as a hunter in Ohio when the houses were few and far botween. A noble picture of Sunset Cox hangs over the Judge's old desk. French and Spanish books are plenty. The former recall the sturdy old Democrat's fondness for French literature and his services as a member of the Commission on Eimetalism. He reads French like a Parisian, and one of his recreations is a French novel. The Spanish books tell of the time when he first untered the Senate and was made a member of the Committee on Mexican claims. At recess he returned to his home, and said he had been put on one of the measilest committees in the Senate. How was he to be of value on the committee when his knowledge of Spanish was as meagree as his acquaintance with Choetaw? That was the question which confronted kim. He was 66 years old at the time. He solved the problem by bucking in and learning the language, and to-day he can roll of Spanish with the case and grace of a put-brown nobleman of the infant Alphonso's kingdon.

hut-brown nobleman of the infant Alphonso's kingdom.

House-a-fire Forsker, having pitched into the Thurmans for providing delicacies for Confederate prisoners of Camp Chase, a few miles out of Columbus, during the war, an old friend of the family remarked to-day that the charity extended then was simply an infantesimal drop in the gentte dew of Mirs. Thurman's goodness. As a bine grass beauty she let many old friends behind in Kentucky when she came to Judge Thurman's homs. Many of the prisoners were sens of her old neighbors, and some had been her school-day. The said hind and she has selbs rememmates. For anid larg syne's sake she remembered them in their trouble. Her charity extended to stranger Confederates also, and to the regiments of Union soldiers quartered outside the camp. She was a Union woman, with a motherly heart for all. Many recall the time when the Papublicans of the State were called "Union

sliders," because their pet remark was "Let the Union slide." At that time the Democrats were jeeringly referred to as "Union savers," from the fact that it was their one cry to keep the Union intact. Judge Thurman came unthe Union intact. Judge Thurman came un-der the ban as a Union saver. The Judge is fond of athletic sports and good sparring bouts. He remembers Heenan and the stir he made in Columbus. The Judge saw Heenan knock out the local puglists, and thinks he had a pretty good time that night.

PROFESSEDLY FOR SHERMAN.

Gov, Forsker and his Crowd Preparing to Start for Chicago, COLUMBUS, June 10 .- One wholesale dry goods house here received an order yesterday for ten thousand red bandanna handkerchiefe. There are thousands worn here now, although one week ago not one could be seen. Democrats wear them to show their respect and admiration for "the noblest Roman of them all," Allen G. Thurman, who has been a citizen of this place for the past forty years, and is now candidate for Vice-President. The red bandanua is an eyesore to the Republicans here, and a few (prebably twenty-five or thirty) of the most radical ones have taken to wearing a small American flag, just the size of a handkerchief. This is done to offset the popular red bandanna, but it is laughed at and will not be generally worn. The Foraker Club, one thousand strong, will leave Columbus on Monday morning, June 18, for Chicago, to attend the National Republican Convention. fare for the round trip is only \$3, while the distance is 340 miles. They will wear white plug hats, black clothes, and each member will sport a dude cane. The crack silver cornet band of the State will accompany them. They go ostensibly to work for Sherman's nomination, but in reality to aid Foraker. The latest rumor is that a herculean effort will be made to nominate Blaine and Sherman, but the latter gentleman's friends say that under no circumstances will be accept the second place on the ticket. He must have the Presidential nomination or nothing, Republican leaders are urging the nomination of an Ohio man, for day by day it is becoming apparent that the nomi-nation of that grand old statesman and patriot, Allen G. Thurman, has made Ohio a doubtful State. Shrewd politicians are predicting that there will be a long wrangle, and

many ballots will be taken at Chicago, and that

Blaine and Foraker will be nominated. While

the Convention meets on Tuesday, the nomination will probably not be made until Friday.

It was on Friday, June 6, 1884, that Blaine was

nominated before, and it proved to be an un-

lucky day for him and the party.

Gov. Foraker made a speech at a Methodist

Gov. Foraker made a speech at a Methodist church hero to-day before the Sunday school, this being children's day in all the Protestant the Children's day in all the Protestant churches of the land. He was ampiauded, and all the youngsters awayed white handkarchiefs, which caused more cheering and langthing, and Foraker remarked with a smile. I am glind you know what I mean. The Foraker, Blaine for the Color of the handkarchiefs, which caused more cheering and langthing, and Foraker remarked with a smile. I am glind you know what I mean. The Foraker, Blaine will all attend the Chicago Convention, as with many other Republicans. It is thought that 5,000 people will go from here.

Som Postal Bourt of the Sherman's own shart. This would bring the bounce of the state of the Sherman is an all the children of the Sherman's house unterwhere the capital of Sherman's sown State. It is true that the Ohlo delegation was instructed to wote solidly for him at Children of the Sherman's house where a short was the state of the Sherman horizon that there are lukewarm ones in the delegation. The opinion is current that at the Manusch of the Sherman horizon in this city. It is certainly situated that there is a state of the Sherman horizon in this city. It is certainly situate the Sherman horizon in this city. It is certainly situate the American masses want Blaine on a plattic the American masses want Blaine on a plattic than the state of the state of the sherman horizon in this city. It is certainly situate the state of the state of the sherman horizon in this city. It is certainly the state of the state of the state of the sherman horizon in this city. It is certainly the state of the state of the sherman horizon in this city. It is certainly the state of the state of the state of the sherman horizon in this city. It is certainly the state of the state of the state of the sherman horizon in this city. It is certainly the state of the state of the state of the sherman state of the state of the sherman horizon in this city. It i church here to-day before the Sunday school, this being children's day in all the Protestant

attacks of Foraker and his officeholders. The State House is garrisoned with Foraker men. The State machinery isopractically in Foraker's hands. He has appointed as heads to all the

state institutions men who sainam before him and who do his political bidding. It is said that the Governor controls the Republican State Central and Executive Committees, but this is doubted. Win. S. Cappellor, appointed Railroad Commissioner by Foraker, is Chairman of the Executive Committee; Cappellor, the Governor's private secretary; Charley Ruriz, State Librarian; John M. Doane; U. H. Hiester, Clerk of the Supreme Court, who also got his place through the Governor and a regimen more who hold their places by Foraker's tavor, are for the bloody shirt Governor for a place on the ticket, and they will fight morning, noon, and night of have his claims recognized at Chicago. They will not meet Sherman in the open field, but will tear him to pieces in the dark. That is well of the control of the control of the control of the claims of the control of the claims of the control of the claims of the claims of the claims of the claim of the claim

style:

sheel is too cool a place for the miserable, dirty, lying
whelp who originated the story that the Governor refused to shake hands with one of the Fastern newspaper correspondent who called on him, because the covrespondent had a bandanta in he hand. There was not
the slightest foundation for the sily and malicious false. stightest foundation for the stily and malicious false. Several of the gentlemen carried bandannas, all were shaken by the hand and warmly greefed the Governor, who cared not in the least what sert handkerchiets they carried, or what colored notes than the series of the still with the series of THE WIDOW MILLER'S PLUCK

Not Even His Gunt Are a Terror to Her-She Will Guard Her Pence To-night With the Aid of Her Pug and Parrots. Five or six years ago a bold explorer struck bravely into the wilds of Staten Island. back of Bachman's brewery, and, after hours of exposure to heat and thirst, there burst upon his vision a beautiful scene. A long. gently curving beach of clean, bright sand, lapped by playful surf, skirted the sparkling waters of a bay. A mile away was a little island with two big warehouse-like buildings on it, and beyond it another covered with long, low structures. An opening to the broad sea stretched away in the distance, skirted by low sandy beaches. The natives called South Beach. Nothing seemed needed to make it a summer paradise except a hostelry and an easy way of getting to it. Last winter the Staten Island Rapid Transit road was extended two miles beyond Clifton, and its new terminus is almost on this beach. Hotels have grown along the sands in a few weeks, and merry-go-rounds have sprung up like big mushrooms. But the coming of civili-

FAMILY OF NINE.

zation has been followed by one of its evils. War has broken out, and the two ends of the beach are the camps of armed and active foes The few old-time quiet natives drew their substance from the sea and the strip of beach and even the sweet meadows back of it had little value to them. But when it seemed possible that their land was to be invaded by bordes of beer-drinking barbarians, the possibilities of profit from it gave it a value, and much of it has been sold or rented. The ostensible cause of the war is a fence. It is a harmiess sort of a fence made of smooth twistharmiess sort of a fence made of smooth twisted strips of steel and cedar posts. The posts are sixteen feet apart, and the wires are not so closs together but that one could crawl between them, but the fence rankles as if both posts and wires were barbed. Farly in the spring Henry S. Bergman bought a plot of ground of Thomas Burke and built a little hotel and bath houses on it. His lot according to his deed, extends from Townsend's wharf, near the middle of the beach, 1.275 feet to the south. He drove a row of piles on a line with the north side of this old landing back to the road about 200 feet, and put up a horse shed across the road on this line. Bergman is a German, He is tail and lank, with hellow cheeks and a determined eye, He has a wite, a pretty 10-year-old daughter, and a lot of stalwart sens.

put up a horse shed across the road on this line. Bergman is a German. He is tail and lank, with hollowcheeks and a determined eye, lie has a wite, a pretty 10-year-old daughter, and a lot of stalwart sens.

"We are nine." he said, when the war began, and every one can handle a gun."

Mirs. Miller is a widow. For thirteen years she has been the light of the public house at 284 Eighth avenue, and since her husband died four years ago she has owned the business there. She is tall enough not to look short, and stout enough not to seem thin. Her brown eyes sparkle between the diamonds in herears, and under a mass of black crimped hair. On May I this vivactous widow leased a big piece of the Fouth Beach from the Hodges estate. The lease calls for 2.256 feet south from the Ketteltas property, to a line 41 feet south of Townsend's wharf. This would bring the boundary directly through the centre of Bergman's house, Mrs. Miller proposed to leave Bergman's house under way on the north end of the tract she sent a couple of surveyors to locate the line for the fence. Bergman was alort. He mustered his family, and with force and arms he chased those surveyers off. They finished their work from a boat, however, and Bergman and his son Henry were arrested for threats and violence. Fred. Bachman went their bail. A foreign power was invoked, and under the wing of blue-coated Policeman Carpenter Charles Reinert completed the barrier. That night it disappeared.

Bergman and his son Henry were arrested for threats and violence. Fred. Bachman went their bail. A foreign power was invoked, and under the wing of blue-coated Policeman Carpenter Charles Reinert completed the barrier. That night it disappeared.

Bergman said a heavy wind had blown it to Concy Island, and predicted that kind of weather for every dark night. He also caused the arrest of Mrs. Miller, her manager, Joseph H. McFarland, and Mr. Reinert 10r malicious trespass. Last Monday the fence was rebuilt, and a warv watchman was employed to goard it, but aithough the post

deeds that nobody has a good title to it. The piece of land which takes in the other side of Bergman's house is claimed by Hugh McRoberts, and Bergman has a deed from the Staten Island Land Company, signed by John Penn Curry, for the land which Mrs. Miller's house is on. Besides the deed from Burke he has one also from this company for the property where the fence is.

the fence is.

All the persons who are under arrest are to appear before Justice Vaughn in Edgewater on Saturday to answer for the breaches of the peace. Before that Mrs. Miller will have leased the land next to Bergman's to a ferocious, pirate-like fisherman for a fishing hut, and his sole rent, it is said, will be an untring vigilance over the new frontier boundary.

THE BEARS WERE AT HOME.

The Interesting Spectacle Two Flabermen

Enjoyed at their Leisure. Pocono, June 10 .- Two trout fishermen re port having seen a novel and interesting sight in the woods two or three miles from this place on Tuesday. They were tramping along a ridge on their way home when they came to a spot that overlooked a large tract of low land, with a great deal of old fallen timber scattered about and many decaying stumps. Through it ran a small brook. The sight that attracted the attention of the men was a large bear standing in the creek, while another one was digging away the stumps, followed closely by three cubs. The speciators were not more than a hundred feet away from the bear family, but had not been seen. They sat down in the bushes and watched the manœuvres of the bears. At this season of the year bears have shed their thick coats of fur, and are the better enabled to undergo the long tramps they now begun in search of food. This during the summer, in addition to that got in an occasional visit to a sheep pasture or pig sty, is anus, grubs, angleworms, fish, frogs. Insects and reptiles of all kinds, and the tender growths of while grass and water weeds. They sock the "down timber" in search of ants and grubs. Every stump or log that harbors them is instantly detected by Bruin, when, with claws and teeth, the spot where the nests are is soon laid bare and their contents lapped up. The bear family, whose presence the two fishermen had discovered, were foraging after this manner. The old bear that stood in the creek remained perfectly motionless, gazing intently in the stream, sometimes for five minutes at a time, when suddenly one of his huge forenws, which he kent raisest a few inches, would drop into the water with a splash, and rest on the bottom. Then the bear would thrust his nose down to the bottem, and when it was lifted out again a fish would be brought up in the bear's mouth. Sometimes, instead of a fish, he would capture a frog, and once to the disgust of the watcher, a brought to the surface a wringling water snake, which he soon dispatched and aic. Now and then he would earry his eatch to the shore and lay it down before the cubs, and frequently shared with his mate. Whenever a fish was laid out for the cubs, all three would rush for it, and a savage struggle, during which the cubs, sharing in all the delicacies she uncovered. The men watched attention to the stump and logs, and the cubs followed her closely, sharing in all the delicacies she uncovered. The men watched attention to the stump and logs, and the cubs all three would rush for it, and a savage struggle, during which the cubs anarted and hit and tumbled over one another, would result. The other old bear save her undivided attention to the stump and logs, and the cubs, all three would rush for it, and a savage struggle, during which time the one bear had toru up almost an acre of decaying timbers and the other one had captured many fish begun in search of food. This during the summer, in addition to that got in an occa-

The Application of It.

Bobby tvisiting his Aunt Minerva, of whom e is very fonn;-There's a good deal of bone to this place of meal, aunty.

Aunt Minerva (spinster)—The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat, Bobby.

Bobby—Is that what makes you so sweet, aunity? JUGS PILLED ON THE SLY

Ways in Which Thirsty Men of Cons Circumvent the Law. SHE DEFIES MR. BERGMAN AND HIS Nonwice, June 10 .- The Connecticut li-

ense law keeps the courts humming all the time. More than five-eighths of the cases on the criminal dockets involve violations of the liquor law. The majority of them are of trivial importance. In all the Connecticut cities and most of the large villages license reigns; in the rural towns strict prohibition rules. But the old-fashioned New Englander is bound, now and then, to "have a drop to wet his whistle," as he says, and he resorts to all the ruses of which he is capable by which to evade the law. There is always some one in each neighborhood to pander to his desires by keeping liquors and selling them to him on the sly, and queer devices are often unearthed by the officers in the dwelling of the illegal vender. Rum in jugs. bottles, or tin vessels, hidden between the floors of the house, in the meal chest, in the cellar, under the hearthstone, or in the chimney, between the partitions, with a syphon leading to the place of deposit, or buried in the ground, or secreted in the haymow at the barn. The wits both of officers and sellers have been preternaturally sharpened in the perennial campaign of hide and seek, and invention is puzzled to produce an entirely original dodge. The farmers of the old country towns of Lebanon, Coventry, and Windham, however, have long worked a pretty little scheme that the officers thus far have not even suspected. Not many miles away is the thriving license borough of Willimantic, and a few liquor dealers there have an arrangement with the farmers by which wet goods are delivered nightly in a light-running covered wagon to them at lonely places along the highway. The utmost secrecy

and stealth control the nocturnal traffic. Each night, at about 10 or 11 o'clock, the delivery wagon is packed with flasks, bottles, or demijohns, and the driver goes as silently as possible over the regular route. He drops his goeds here and there along the roadside in predetermined places of concealment, sometimes in the hollow trunk of a tree or behind stene walls, in a nock at the gloomy, embowered entrance of a swamp, or in a black brier thicket at a cross road. Next day the customer visits the hiding blace, empties the liquor into a receptacie which he brings with him, ties a sum of money to the desiler's jug, or bottle, and goes away with his goods. Next night the seller recovers his vessel, peckets the money, and returns with more liquor two or three evenings later.

The practice has been going on for several years, and the jovial farmers shut one eye when they meet and say to each other that they hev wintered protty tolerable well, if there wuz a blizzard."

Frequently tramps find the hidden treasures by the roadside and then there is a carnival demijohns, and the driver goes as si-

years, and the jovial farmers shut one eye when they meet and say to each other that they "hey wintered protty tolerable well, if there wuz a blizzard."

Frequently tramps find the hidden treasures by the roadside, and then there is a carnival, Occasionally a dencen stumbles on a nug in his lot; he takes a generous botation, and at the next Thursday evening prayer meeting reports his discovery, and with clongated face makes some solemn remarks on the "abominations of the liquor traffic, which is dragging the country down to ruin."

Not many days ago Putnam Officers Paul, Carver, and Arnold got pretty close to a secret in searching the place of Felix king, a farmer, whom they had long susmected of walking in ways that are dark. They surprised Felix whose wariness had waned after a season of unmolested success, but he got to the front, nevertheless, just shead of impending doom. As the officers came hastily into view down the road, Felix dashed for the barn, and as the law rode up on foaming steeds a gallon jug of whiskes shot athwart their vision. descending from the peak window in the barn, whence Felix had burled it, after having vanked it out of the hay on the topmost scaffold of his mov. The jug was not worth much after it had aligated, and the law rode on.

In this city a case of illegal liquor selling, which is of infinitesimal importance, except that it hinges on a law question that is vital to the interests of a free government, was recently tried in the City and Superior Courts, ExJudge Shields, who has had more experience in liquor cases than any other man, is the defendant's counsel. Judge Shields will now take the case to the Supreme Court, both lower courts having decided against him. Into the saloon of Thomas Kinkead of Franklin square, Norwich, came one evening recently, a man who weights 210 pounds and who is bearded like a trooper. He bought a glass of whiskey, drank it and went out. The State proved that he was not yet 20 years of age, and therefore only unconsciously violated the law, the Cour

THE ISAAC PITMAN GOLD MEDAL

What Shall be Done with the Dies from

Which the Medal was Struck ! novel question has arisen as to the dis cently the gold medal presented to Isaac Pit-man on the completion of his fiftieth year as the author of phonography and the bronze copies given to the contributors to the fund. Mr. Miner of the Phonographic World, who was instrumental in starting the fund among the American admirers of Mr. Pitman, proposes that the dies shall be destroyed, in order to enhance the value of the copies already struck. Mr. E. F. Underhill of the committee opposes this and favors the production of as many more copies, to any extent that may be desired, as a beautiful testimonial to a great author. The views of the contributors are now being collected by the committee. Meanwhile Tiffany & Co., who made the medal, hold the Tiliany & Co., who made the medal, hold the dies, with orders to strike no more at present. They have now in their possession in their vaults a large number of dies for similar medals, some of them struck forty years ago.

The question thus raised is analogous to that which arose in the business of bank note engraving, and which was at one time a very grave question indeed. It was formerly the practice of bank note engravers to keep the practice of bank note engravers to keep the plates of all banks for which they printed circulating notes. Their right to do this was seldom questioned, and very few banks, in giving orders for notes, had the jorethought to secure the proprietorship of the plates from which the notes were printed. In this way even the circulating notes of the United States were printed from plates which were claimed as private property. At the outbreak of the civil war the competition for Government work became so great that an effort was made to secure some of it for new contractors. The Secretary of the Trensury gave a written order on the old contractors to surrender the plates. The old contractors to surrender the plates. The old contractors relused to comply and not only threatened litigation, but secreted the plates where the Government could not get at them. The result was a compromise by which the old contractors kept a portion of their work. Another result was that in new contracts for Government engraving and printing a clause was put in providing that all the dies, plates, and materials used in preducing the work should be delivered to the Government and their way into the Government shop and have been since used in reproduction for the issue of the contract. This was in fact the nucleus of the collection of the stock in trade of the Burcau of Engraving and Printing. Gradually the dies, plates, and materials of the old engraving firms found their way into the Government shop and have been since used in reproduction for the issue of a national paper currency similar to ours. The Pour of dies, with orders to strike no more at present, They have now in their possession in their

3,000,000 Words of the St. Louis Conven tion Telegraphed by One Company Alone,

Sr. Louis, June 10 .- The immense telegraphic facilities it required to distribute the proceedings of the Democratic National Convention to the press may be judged when it is stated that the Western Union Telegraph Company alone handled and transmitted over the wires an aggregate of 2.151,791 words. This consisted of regular press reports, special despatches to the leading journals of the country. and builetins which were flashed over t whree to every city and flown in the land, this great amount of news the Associated Pre-furnished nearly 200,000 words. In addition this great amount 200,000 words. In addition, furnished nearly 200,000 words. In addition, 57,426 messages, averaging perhaps fifteen words each and pertaining directly to the Convention and its result, were handled by the Western Union Company, making a grand total of almost 8,000,000 words, or nearly 2,000 newspaper columns of matter.

CLUBBED BY A POLICEMAN.

A BLOW THAT SENT PATRICK DRIS-COLL TO DEATH'S DOOR.

He Tried to Push Past Policeman Livings

ton at Castle Garden-His Ante-Morten Statement Taken by the Coroner. James Livingston of the Park police will have to answer before the Commissioners to a charge of wantonly clubbing Patrick Driscoll of 794 Third avenue, South Brooklyn. Driscoll, who is 28 years old, came from Bantry, county Cork, two months ago to visit his sister, Mrs. Walter Lent. On Sunday, May 27, in company with his sister. John Mahoney, Timothy Donavan, and the daughter of a neighbor. Driscoll went to Castle Garden to welcome a fellow townsman who was expected to arrive that day. He says he saw the door of the Garden open, and, not knowing he would have to obtain permission, was about to enter, when Policeman Livingston. who was at the entrance, roughly pushed him back. Driscoll expostulated, and asked to be allowed to enter the Garden. Livingston he says, then caught hold of the collar of his waistcoat and gave him such a shaking that every button was torn off. The young Irishman's temper was aroused, and he gripped the police-

coat and gave him such a shaking that every button was torn off. The young Irishman's temper was aroused, and he gripped the policoman in turn. Livingston took a step back, drew his pocket club, and felled Driscoll to the ground with a blow on the top of the head. Driscoll's friends say that Livingston continued to club the half-unconscious man, and Mrs. Lent says that when she begged Livingston not to strike her brother he told her savagely that she would get the same punishment if she did not shut up. Mrs. Lent rushed between him and her brother, and she says she received blows from the club on her arm and back.

Livingston took the wounded man inside the Garden, where Dr. Schultz, the Garden physician, sawed up the wound. Driscoll was then taken to the Old Slip nolice station and locked up on a charge of intoxication. The next mouning he was taken before Justice Murray at the Tombs. Mr. and Mrs. Lent were present with a lawyer. Driscoll denied having been drunk. Mr. Lent says that Livingston said something in a lew voice to the Judge, who at once told the prisoner heliws discharged.

A day or two after his release Driscoll began to compilan ot his hend, and a week ago yesterday he lainted when he tried to rise from a soft. A physician was summoned and the wound was dressed afreesh. Since then erysipchis has developed in a malignant form, and Driscoll has been delirious for forty-eight hours at a time.

Livingston's account of the affair is that Driscoll was drunk and attempted to force his way into the Garden. Several vessels arrived on that day, and the Garden and park were crowded. Livingston asys that when he told Driscoll to be quiet, the latter retorted a husively. saying. Who made you an officer, anyhow? Livingston declares that Driscoll caught him by the throat, and that several of Driscoll's friends took a hand in the affair, trying to trip the policeman and release their companion. He says it was not until he saw that he had half a dozen to contend with that he drew his club. Dr. Schulz corroborates

ANOTHER CLUBBING CASE.

ANOTHER CLUBBING CASE.

Frank Tomlinson, 23 years old, of 300 South First street, Brooklyn, was taken to the Eastern District Hospital on Saturday night with a wound in the head, which he got from the club of Policeman George Trenchard of the Fifth precinct police. Trenchard was not on duty. He was going home, when he saw a crowd in front of his house, 299 South Second street. He was told that Tomlinson had forced his way into the rooms occupied by John Davis on the second floor, where he had burst in the door, smashed the haby's cradle, and made himself as unpleasant as possible. Davis at last succeeded in getting him out of the house, though Tomlinson broke down half of the baluster railing on his way down stairs. Trenchard says that when he attempted to arrest Tomlinson the latter resisted, and that George Roach, a companion of Tomlinson, also tried to prevent the arrest.

There was a rough-and-tumble fight, in which soveral friends came to Tomlinson's assistance. Trenchard, who was in effizen's arrest he gave Tomlinson a rap on the head. He says they bot foil in the guiter, and that, He says they bot foil in the guiter, and that.

driss, sent into the louse for his club. When it came he gave Tomiinson a rap on the head. He says they both foil in the gutter, and that Tomiinson cut the back of his head on the curbing. Trenchard finally got his prisoner out of the crowd, and sent him to the hospital in a milk wag. n. He then returned and arrested Roach. Trenchard is positive the menknew he was a policeman. Tomiinson was reported at the hospital vesterday to be rapidly getting better. He and Roach will be taken to court to-day. Trenchard has been nine or ten years on the force and has a good reputation.

Where is Dennis McGinty! Sr. Louis, June 10 .- Dennis McGinty, a member of Tammany Hall, disappeared soon after the members of the organization arrived

since been heard of.

EOn returning home and not finding any trace of him his friends became alarmed, and notified the St. Louis police. A thorough search was instigated, but no trace of the missing man

in this city for the Convention, and has not

instigated, but no trace of the missing man has been found.

Patrick Ford Still Shouts for Blaine.

In a four-column leader in the Irish World for this week Mr. Patrick Ford calls upon the Republican Convention in Chicago to "give us Blaine and victory." Mr. Ford argues that Mr. Blaine and victory." Mr. Ford argues that Mr. Blaine and victory. "Mr. Ford argues that Mr. Blaine's declination of a nomination this year is based upon a chivalrous regard for the other man who want the plum themselves. He thinks that Blaine would still feel it his duty to accept a unanimous homination, and that he seed and seed of the plum themselves. He thinks that Blaine would still feel it his duty to accept a unanimous homination, and that he seed and seed of the carefully assorted before being placed on the carefully assorted before being placed.

They care imported eggs kept from spoiling on the voyage?"

They come in each set of handle them quickly. It adds about a quarter of a cent a dozen to the cest, but we can pay that and the freight and yet sell eggs that come from France sell egg Blaine's declination of a nomination this year is based upon a chivairous regard for the other men who want the plum themselves. He thinks that Blaine would still feel it his duty to accept a unanimous nomination, and that he could get in New York. New Jersey, and Connecticut 50,000 more votes of Irish-Americans and workingmen than any other Republican candidate. He winds up by saying:

I have no advice to offer either to the readers of the frish World or to any one class. I simply record my opinion that without Blaine as the standard bearer and champion of our cause defeat seems inevitable. It looks now as it is would be a give as you-please game at Chleago, and that folly and seitshness would have it all their own way. In that event is ball remain independent of either party during the compagn.

Killed in a Torando. FORT YATES, Dak., June 10 .- Several persons were killed in the great storm yesterday by lightning and flying debris. These so far by lightning and flying débris. These so far identified are Shall King, the celebrated Indian chief, and his son. A farmer living two miles south was found dead in his field half a mile from his house. The building had been completely wrecked, and it is supposed the man had been carried to the point where found by the wind. Mattle Dambrowski, 13 years old, living at a settlement six miles south, has not been seen since the storm struck that point, and it is believed she was blown into the rivet and drowned. The loss among the Indians is especially severe, as hundreds of them had everything they had swept away by the winds.

Weather Crop Builetin.

WASHINGTON, June 10.—The weather crop bulletin for the week ended June 9, says:

The weather for the week has been generally favorable for all growing crops. Reports show improved conditions over the preceding week, although the cool weather in the extreme northern sections has probably terarded the growth of corn. In the wheat regions of Minnesota and Dakota the conditions were generally favorable for the raind growth of all crops. In the corn history of the Mississippi and Missouri valleys the weather was generally favorable, although more rain is needed in the southern portions of Ohio, litinois, Indiana, and Missouri in the cotton region crops were affected favorably, except in South Carolina, where cool, wet weather resireded the growth of the cotton plant, which is reported as small and backward.

The weather was favorable for harvesting in southern Kansas and Teunessee. WASHINGTON, June 10.-The weather crop

4-11-44-A Noteworthy Coincidence,

From the Louisville Commercial.
When the announcement was made yes-When the announcement was made yesterday that the numbers 4-11-44 were drawn from the wheel in the Frankfort Lottery every colored individual in the city who has been playing policy stopped work and rushed for the nearest office to be officially informed. It is said that more than five hundred had carriers quit work at moon a greater number of washinds were left tile, not a single coal cart could be seen on the streets, and hotel and restaurant employees went crazy because they were unable to get off. Not since last December have the three numbers been drawn out.

There was a lost of winners among the colored people on the numbers. They came out on the day that Cleveland was nominated before, and this was remembered. WOLVES ATTACK A BULL.

The Bull's Owner Interferes, and the Result is Exciting, but Bad for the Welves.

HARRISBUBO, June 10 .- If the member of the Pennsylvania Legislature who at the last session of that body ridiculed the idea of fixing a bounty on the scalps of all wolves killed in the State, on the ground that there had not been a wolf in the State in thirty years, and never would be one again, could have been on the premises of Farmer John McKay, in the lower part of McKean county, a few days ago, he would certainly have felt like apologizing for his contemptuous and facetious remarks. Farmer John McKay lives in a wild and mountainous region, well known to deer and bear hunters, deer and bear being still the most numerous inhabitants of that part of the country. It was never suspected by visiting sportsmen, however, that wolves still lurked in the locality, although it is now learned that Farmer McKay was aware of the fact, and had killed several within the past few years on and about his premises. For a year or two past he had not seen or heard any wolves, and he supposed they had become extinct thereabout. Early one morning in the latter part of last week Farmer Mc-Kay was on his way to his barn when he heard a great commotion in a part of the building where he kept a young Holstein bull. The bull was bellowing in a way that indicated that he was in pain, and mingled with his cries were the sounds of savage growls and snarling. McKay thought a large dog belonging to a farmer living a mile from his place had got into the barn and was worrying the bull. The farmer hurried to the aid of his bull. On open-

farmer living a mile from his place had got into the barn and was worrying the bull. The farmer hurried to the aid of his bull. On opening the door he was astounded to see a big wolf with its fangs buried in the bull's nostrils, while another one nearly as large was tearing at the animal's flanks. The bull was rushing about in its enclosure, bellowing in pain, and trying in vain to sinke the wolf loose from his nose, although he dashed the ternacious beast time and again against the side of the barn.

The door to the enclosure opened on a small barnyard, and when the farmer recovered from his surprise he flung the door open and, without a thought of the peril he might place himself in, sprang to the aid of the bull. The bull made a rush for the open door, but a gust of wind blew it shut before he could pass out into the yard. Farmer McKay selzed the wolf that was lastened to the bull's nose, and it at once released its hold and turned upon the farmer and attempted to get at his throat. The other wolf continued tearing at the bull. McKay, struggling with the infuriated animal that had turned from the bull to him, backed to the door, pushed it open, and sprang into the yard, quickly followed by the bull and the other wolf. Blood was pouring from the bull's nose and from numerous wounds on the flank, neck, and side, where the wolves had torn the flesh, with their long, sharp teeth.

Once in the yard the bull seemed to gain courage, and overcame the panic and helpiess terror into which it had been thrown by the combined attack of the wolves in the small enclosure, and turning on its formentor caught the wolf on its home and flung it violently against the barn. The wolf fell stunned to the ground, and before it could recover the bull ripped it open with its horns and tossed the body out of the yard.

This had occupied but a minute, but during that short time Farmer McKay had had a desperate animal was such the other wolf and preventing it from getting at his throat. His cichning was nearly all torn from him, and he

eggs a day. It has been tried to test eggs by water. A good egg will sink and a bad egg will float, but you cannot find out a specked egg

What makes specked eggs?"

"Lying in one position. An egg should not be left many days in one position. If an egg is be left many days in one position. If an egg is turned every day it will keep a long time. An experiment was once tried by G. H. Dennis, President of the Duchess County Creamery, as to how long an egg could be kept good. He kept one on his desk nine months, and turned it every day and it kept good."

"How long are the best eggs kept before they got upon the tables of the best hotels?"

"It takes about four days, because they are bought in bulk in the country and must be carrefully assorted before being placed on the market."

"How about dessicated eggs, or canned eggs?"

Some uses them and say they are good and cheap. The process is now brought to perfection in this country. Mr. Dennis tried it on a large scale, but it would not pay. There is, in fact, no need of it, so long as people know how to keep their eggs good by turning them. The present mode of packing each egg in a separate paper compartment facilitates turning, and insures a constant cupply of good eggs. True, they must be handled carefully in transporting, but that soon gets to be an easy habit. Of course, the baggage smashers do not go near the egg crates."

"Why don't we cat duck eggs and goose eggs? Why should substantially all the eggs in market be hen eggs."

"Because people prefer hen eggs, just as they prefer cow's milk to the milk of any other animal. Few people like the flavor of duck eggs or goose eggs. The eggs of shad are very palatable, however. But hens' eggs are universally liked, and they are good strong, easily digested food, often relished by the sick. As a rule, the imported eggs are nicer and more carefully selected than domestic eggs, and we get them on the table even quicker than the eggs that come from Kansas or Minnesota."

How about the variation in the price of eggs.

The wholesale price varies from 165 cents to 31 cents a dozen. They are generally cheaper in the summer, because the supply is greater. They do not spoil so rapidly in winter, but there are not so many or them. The larger supply of the summer makes up for the loss by epolling."

"What food makes hens lay the best eggs?"

"Greated and the summer makes up for the loss by epolling."

supply of the summer makes up for the case, specifing, "What food makes hens lav the best eggs?" "Grains, fresh liver, and ground oyster shells. A good hen will lay an egg every other day on the average. At that rate a hen is the most profitable of live stock on the larm, President Bennis eiphersel it out once, and sent out circulars to farmers to convince them that no product of the farm pays better than eggs."

Worse by Half than a Hen and a Half.

From the Lincoln Journal.

Those who have burned the midnight oil Those who have burned the midnight oil in order to arrive at some conclusion concerning the hen and a nail that laid an egg and a half in a day and a half may find the following a relief. It was handed in by a Journal reader, who will be held responsible: "A certain family in Lincoln consists of one grandfather, two grandmothers one father-in-law two mothersin-law, three mothers, two fathers, two daughters, one son, one daughter-in-law, one son, one daughter-in-law, one son, one daughter-in-law, one son one daughter-in-law, one son one daughter-in-law, one granddaughter, and there are only six persons in the jamily."

Arrest of a Bicycline Pastor.

TRACY, Minn., June 5.—The Rev. J. Henry TRACY, Minn., June 5.—The Rev. J. Henry Long, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Currle, was arrested for riding his bicycle on the street this afternoon. This is the second arrest of the kind that has been made since the wise lawmakers of the village of Tracy got to-gether and enacted the law probibiting the rid-ing of bicycles on the public streets.

HAD A POLICEMAN HANDY

A CHASE ACROSS UNION SQUARE FOL-LOWS MR. POTTER'S CALL

He Found Mrs. Potter in Rigby's Studio Sure Enough, and a Bluecont Also Walting to Arrest Him for Embezzlement-He Fied, Burnan Rigby, head of the artist firm of Rigby & Granger at 31 Union square, ran out into the square in great excitement at 11 o'clock last night, and, seizing Policeman Lang by the arm, begged him to come up stairs into the firm's crayon studio.

"There's likely to be a pretty lively time here in a few minutes and I want you with me," he said.

The policeman climbed the stairs, and in vacant room adjoining the studio Rigby showed him a tall, fine-looking woman, showly dressed and laboring under nervous excitement, pacing the floor. Then Rigby dragged the policeman into the studio and told him to sit down. Five minutes later a grav-haired man ran up the stairs and burst into the studio.

"That's the man," cried Righy to the police. man. "This woman is Mrs. Potter, and that's her husband. He's embezzled lots of money from me."

Policeman Lang stepped toward the newcomer, rather puzzled what to do. The newcomer dashed down stairs again and out into the park. The policeman chased him across the blooming tulip bed and caught him at the Fourth avenue curb. Rigby came after the policeman pelimeil, and scolded the prisoner all the way up Brondway to the West Thirtieth street station house. Rigby shook his fist and umbrella at Potter simultaneously and told Sorgeant Timms:

This man has embezzled a great deal of

Sorgeant Timms:

"This man has embezzled a great deal of money, has tried blackmail, and has obtained money from my customers upon bogus orders. He has pawned clothes that I lent him, and acted the part of an ingrate to me."

The prisoner said he was James B, Potter, a canvasser, and lived at 150 East Fitteenth street,
"This charge is trumped up by this man and my wife to get rid of me." he said. "Fill prove it all. I have been a canvasser for him, and had the right to draw money on account. I drew it, and he now ealls it embezzioment. I found my wife with him to-night."

Rigby claimed all the pawn tickets that Policeman Lang found in the prisoner's pockets. "Show the letter I sent you," cried Potter, and, after saying that he "would like to smash Potter's head." Rigby pulled out a pocketbook and showed a letter in which Potter said that drink had nearly driven him eracy in the last six weeks, and that he had bought a revolver toblow his brains out.

Rigby shid that he called in Policeman Lang because his arrest for abandoning her. Rigby said that he called in Policeman Lang because his arrest for abandoning her. Rigby said that he called in Policeman Lang because he was uneasy about Mrs. Potter's presence, and suspected that the family meant him mischief. He said that Potter was ones rather well to do, and had been a traveller for his brother in the firm of Potter & Sears, wholesale straw hat makers at Hempstead.

Potter was led back to a cell, and there told the police that he had had nothing whatever to do with his wife for months. He said the mether in a Sixth avonue dance hall, and that after he had become intoxicated from the studio mever seen before, called in a clerkyman, and induced the latter to marry them.

Mrs. Potter disappeared from the studio building during the turmoil attending her husband's arrest. She was formerly Currie lievnoids, her husband asys, and was called "The Maine Pino" on account of her stature.

SHE SIGHS FOR A SAILOR LOVER.

Thirty Years Are She Said Gredbye, But Walts Nightly For Illim Yet.

The tenacity of the desperare animal was such that it struggled to its feet, and would have renewed the battle at once, but at that inoment ince bull had just vanequished the first wolf, and with a furious bellow plunged forward and caught the remaining wolf on one born, thrusting it its entire length in the wolfs side, and with a quick movement of the head disemboweled the impaled animal and tossed it high in the air and out of the yard.

CONCERNING EGGS.

Odds and Eads of Chat About the Erg Business by an Expert Candler.**

A man busily engaged in holding eggs up before a candle attracted the attention of a Sun reporter in Third avenue, near Forty-seventh street, the other evening. An interview was the result, and here it is:

"What are you doing?"

"Candling eggs. You see I pick up each egg and hold it before the candle. The light sbines through it. I can see at a glance whether it is cracked or specked or spoiled. If it is cracked I set it aside to be sold at a low price. Bakers and confectioners and some prudent families buy cracked eggs, and they are as good as any eggs not cracked, but they must be used within twenty-four hours."

"Is not that an old-fashloned way of testing eggs?"

"Yes; but experience proves it to be the best, and it is quick. An expert can candle 30,000 eggs a day. It has been tried to test eggs by contained the provided and the provided and p

grown through youth to maturity, married and seen children of their own come to git deen the homes which they have made, since this woman first began her weary vigits.

Nearly thirty years ago this woman, then young and fair, was courted and admired by many. But upon one she fixed her affections, and to him through all the years that have since intervened she has remained as constant as the needle to the polar star. Her lover followed the sea as a means of livelihood, and one day he left her and went away on a v.yage, liefore he left they had plighted their faith, and when he returned from his perilous pourney in the glad spring time, when the buds blossomed and the birus carrolled, and all nature seemed to rejoice, he was to lead her to the altar. But when the spring came her sailor lover did not return and no message came to explain his absence. Whether disaster or death prevented, or whether he proved false and perfalious is not known, but he never came back. The grief and disappointment caused the woman a long sickness, and when her bodiy ills were is along sickness, and when her bodiy ills were is called, her mind, alas, was diseased. She became possessed with the haduelantion that her lover was coming back, and as soon as she was able she went to the railway station to greet him home, and almost every day since, whiter and summer, spring and autumn, in fair weather and southers, she has been there on the pattern, but put outside the station, she takes up a position where she can see the trains as they draw in, and there she waits and waits, in vain. Eagerly she seams the face of each stranger who passes her way, but when anyone addresses her, which is selicon, she takes up a position where she can see the trains as they draw in, and there she waits and waits, in vain. Eagerly she seams the lace of each stranger who passes her way, Sut when anyone addresses her, which is selicon, she starges with the second and gone for the night and the succeding day. Since she began waiting the penuation of Manchester ha

Philadelphia's New Reverage.

Prom the Philadelphia Record

Ambrosia is beer. Such is the conclusion of Prof. Henry Leffmann and W. benn, his assistant, after an analysis of the ingredients of which the new drink is made. The nutrosia subjected to the test was that bottled by Brewer Wolters, and it was found that 1½ per cent, of it was alcohol and 4 per cent, extracts. In ordinary beer the proportions are 5 per cent, of alcohol and 4 per cent, of extracts. The new drink is made of malt and hors, and, while it is beer. Dr. Leffmann says it is very weak beer. As to its intoxicating properties, it can be seen that they are not very powerful when it is stated that seven bottles of it contain only three-fourths of an cunce of alcohol, while the human system can absorb without injury one and one-half ounces of alcohol in twenty-four hours. At this rate fourtoen bottles centic be consumed in a day or seven in a half day, without harm other than making a beer barrel of one's self. Ambrosia is weaker than cider and most genuine formented liquors, and weaker even than welss beer, which contains 8-10 per cent, of alcohol, it is strong only when compared with not and spruce beer, and, in the opinion of Prof. Leffmann, its principal danger lies in the fact that it can be easily substituted for real beer.

A Small Garden, but Lote in It.

The Waterville Sentinel tells of a success-The Waterville Sentinel tells of a successful professional man of that builtwick who has started a garden. Though its dimensions are but 41, by 20 feet, he has planted two immenses hills of encumbers: three rows of beans, each row containing five hills; two tomato plants which are already encircled with two twelvement trellises; another row of learns, also containing five hills, then a trementous licit of parisary twenty-five different kinds of flower seeds, including a row of sweet peas and a lot of pansy plants; and still further, rows of earrots and beets, with cabbages, turning, corn, &c., to follow. The man expects great things of this garden and some of his neighbos wender why farmers with across of land don't raise bigger crops. Perhaps they will wonder less before fall.